

The World

There are six Homes of Rest in England.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker is gaining in health slowly.

The result of the Australian work of Self-Denial was \$35,000.

Seventy-four alien officers in England only cost \$250 a week to keep.

In London, Eng., alone, there are twenty-six Garrison for training cadets.

There are at present 1,500 Australians in the United States, against 120 a year ago.

Major Moss and the Indian Party continue to have grand times in Australia.

The largest Rescue Receiving Home in the world has just been opened in Melbourne.

There is a Salvation Army bank in all the Divisional centres of the United Kingdom.

A bakery has been opened in connection with our Food and Shelter Depot in San Francisco.

Captain Hollberg is to be Assistant Foreign Secretary at the International Headquarters.

South Africa has raised 21,600 during their Self-Denial week. This has eclipsed all previous years.

The General agent Basterline in Cornwall, and had had a wonderful time. Many souls have been saved.

A man one hundred years old, and an infant all his life, has been saved at one of our meetings in Australia.

Staff-Capt. B. R. Cox has commenced a series of meetings in San Francisco, and is having very special times.

We note that Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Marshall have arrived safely at New York, en route to their new command.

A lady was so affected by the talk of one of our officers, that she cried until 2 a.m., because there was no nearer way to heaven.

The results of India's soul saving campaign are tremendous. The latest is that 9,700 persons sought pardon in one week.

Our Australian Farm Colony at Pakenham was nearly burned, but it was for the presence of mind of some Salvationists.

Commander and Mrs. Booth's two days meetings in the Association Hall have been most successful. Over one hundred souls sought salvation.

When it became known in Utah, Cal., that Captain and Mrs. Ross were going to give their holy away, several kind-hearted people made application for it.

A gentleman in Australia has made the Indian Contingent a present of five hundred photographs of themselves, the proceeds to go to help the work in India.

At Cape Comorin, India, no money is so hard to get, as salaries are given in kind. Corps are competing with each other to see who can raise the most measures of paddy, whatever that is.

The father of Commissioner and Major Chubb is nearing the river. Major Chubb is hiding him good bye for South America, promised to meet the aged saint in a senior land.

A gentleman in San Francisco spends \$10 a day to help the needy, and gives Captain Stiefel, one of our best officers, the privilege of distributing tickets for that amount at his expense.

Seventy men are employed in our new hall and hall at San Francisco. All are red blood and fire Salvationists, and previous to being picked by the S. A., ranked among the shimmery set.

The United States in 1884, 1884, 1884, twenty-one corps and five companies, March, 1884, four hundred and twenty-three corps, and sixty corps, showing an increase of 414 corps and sixty-one outposts.

We learn from the Californian City that the annual consumption of the United States amounts to \$600,000,000. In the city of New York \$10,000 worth of cigars are pulled away every day, or \$10,000 a year.

One of the largest farms in Brisbane, Queensland, has put into our care 27,000 worth of goods that have been damaged by the recent floods. They desire that we should comfort about two hundred Salvationists to them, etc. They were going to employ detectives to see that the work was undertaken the job. We have our own true keeper, and pay the men's wages.

HO! WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE!

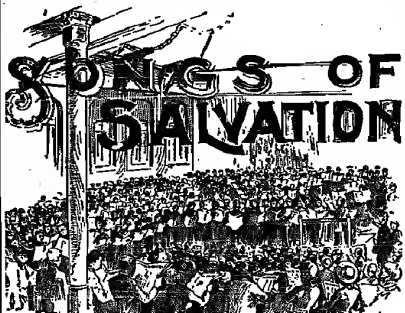
Commandant and Mrs. Booth,

— ACCOMPANIED BY —

BRIGADIER HOLLAND,

— WHO VISIT —

CUELPH WOODBURYCK April 28
INGEROLL Saturday and Sunday 29, 30.
Monday May 1.



The Love of God.

BY A. STEPHENS, POSTAGE PAID, MAR.

TEXT—I do believe

1 When sadly thinking on the past,
Of many misdeeds and great
That caused a vision to my eyes,
Of God's beloved Son.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I will be here, etc.
And now by faith I see the Lamb
That died on Calvary:
Who suffered then and bore the shame,
That I might ransom him.

And as the light to me is given,
The path of life I'll walk;
And help poor sinners back to God,
And point them home to be con-

verted.

Soldiers Brave.

BY A. L. VANCOUVER, B.C.

TEXT—Over Jordan.

2 We're a band of soldier boys,
Marching through the land to save,
Every tempter we will hew,
In the Army.

With our garments white as snow
To the battle we will go,
And we'll conquer every foe,
In the Army.

CHORUS.

In the Army, blessed Army,
As we go to—
And we'll win the crown of life;
March, 1884, four hundred and twenty-three corps, and sixty corps, showing an increase of 414 corps and sixty-one outposts.

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There will sing our happy songs
As we boldly march along,
Never doing night that's wrong,
In the Army.

When we reach the golden shore,
Our dear Lord we will adore,
And we'll praise Him ever more,
For the Army.

CHORUS.

In the Army, blessed Army,
As we go to—
And we'll win the crown of life;
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He Heard My Cry.

BY T. J. BEARDWELL, VICTORIA.

TEXT—In the planning.

5 In my loneliness, oh my Saviour,
Listen to my prayerful cry:
Thou didst purchase my redemption
On the Cross of Calvary.
By Thy death and intercession,
By Thy agonizing cry,
"It is finished!" "It is finished!"
Thou for me didst freedom buy.

Held by Satan's slavish bondage,
Lord, I humbly come to Thee;
Thou alone canst break the fetters,
Thou alone canst set me free.
I have sinned, but not in vain,
I have sought but sought in vain,
But I found not peace or pleasure,
Only aching void and pain.

Oh I've tried to amend, dear Saviour,
Didst not hither with me,
For I am, alas a sinner,
As I am I come to Thee:
Lord, I come to Thee to serve me
From a black, a worthless past,
Save me now, Thou loving Saviour,
At Thy foot my soul I cast.

Hallelujah, Thou dost save me!
Lord, I'm trusting now in Thee;
Thou hast burst my slavish fetters,
Thou dost give me liberty.
I will fight and follow Jesus,
Marching on to victory:
I will speak of Thee to sinners,
Of Thy love so full and free.

A Road Opened Up.

BY LIEUT. A. CHURCHILL, AMHERST, N.S.

TEXT—Prophesies.

6 There's a road opened up,
Through it o'w a better way,
By the Lord when He died on the tree,
And the way it's so plain.
You must all be born again
Before you your blessed Saviour see.

CHORUS.
Come to-day while you may, etc.
Now, this road you may tread
If you'll follow God instead
Of the world, 'tis not to be said,
Then when time has passed by,
And your turn has come to die,
You'll then praise God with your loved
Brother.

How He Suffered.

BY W. J. BEARDWELL, VICTORIA.

TEXT—Silver threads coming to gold.

7 Sinner, think how Jesus loves you,
How He died upon the tree;
Died that you might be forgiven,
Died to set poor sinners free.
Sinner, think of all He suffered,
Cross mocking His endured;
How can you then slight His pardon,
And go on your way unmoved?

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, hallelujah!
Think, if only you were pardoned,
All the good that you might do;
You could then lead some poor sinner
To the cleansing fountain too.
You could tell them how your Saviour
Held through love wherever we go,
And if they would only trust Him,
He would be their Father too.

Murmur Not.

BY G. K. MACKENNIE.

TEXT—We are satisfied with Jesus here.

8 Why should I murmur when the Lord
Doesn't fit to send me pain?
There's no more to be said,
Upon the words of my life.
I have not wept long been?
'Tis not I preferred to wait
Within the pain of sin?

CHORUS.

I'm satisfied with Jesus here,
Why should I murmur when He sends
A cross for me to bear?
Did He not bear it first for me,
And ought I not to share?
The burden that oppressed you, Lord,
O give, I'll bear the cross with Him,
From sin and sorrow free.

Why should I murmur when the day
Of darkness overcast?
Did He not find them dark,
While struggling against the pain
Of Satan, 't is not I feel
The weight of death or hell?
So trusting Him I know He'll
The shadows of night dispel.

Newfoundland Orders 350

WAR

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE



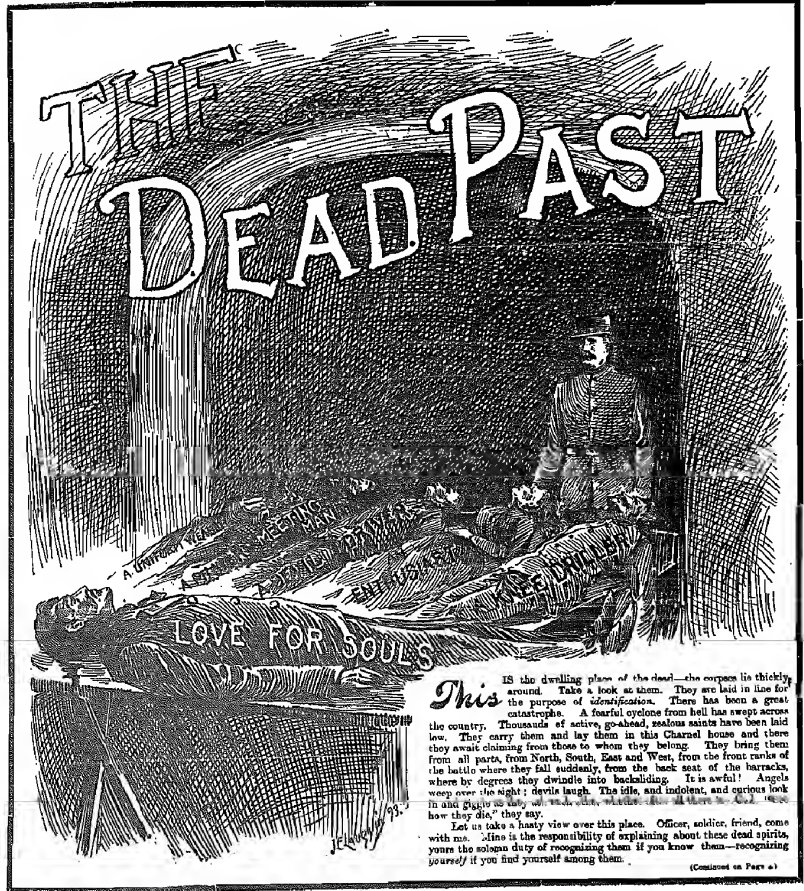
Extra "Crys" this Week.

CRY

VOL. IX. No. 445. (Special of the S. A. Paper throughout the world.)

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



IS the dwelling place of the dead—the corpse is thickly
around. Take a look at them. They are laid in line for
the purpose of identification. There has been a great
catastrophe. A fearful cyclone from hell has swept across
the country. Thousands of active, go-ahead, millionaires have been laid
low. They carry them and lay them in this Charnel house and there
they await churning from those to whom they belong. They bring them
from all parts, from North, South, East and West, from the front corners
of the battle where they fall suddenly, from the back seat of the barracks,
where by degrees they divide into bedchamber. It is awful! Angels
weep over the night; devils laugh. The idle, and indolent, and corrupt look
on and giggle at the sight, and say, "What a fine show they are!"
Let us take a hasty view over this place. Officer, soldier, friend, come
with me. Mine is the responsibility of explaining about these dead spirits,
your the solemn duty of recognizing them if you know them—recognizing
yourself if you find yourself among them.

(Continued on Page 4.)

the deck of the
r to God.
steamer, 1950
t in an open
t across snow
I was absent
n days, led
private coun-
Cross, and I
artery, feeling
fact that the
in Newfoundland.

Salvation Songs.

His Grace is Sufficient

AT "JACKIE."

TUNE—Hiding in Thee. (B.J. No. 2.)

1 Soldiers of the Lord, wherever you may be,
The strength of Jehovah to you is true,
So never complain of the cross you must bear,
But shoulder it gladly, the glory you'll share.

CHORUS.

Hiding in Thee.
Dark clouds of evil appear, wild tempests
sweep times run,
But the conquering Saviour looks down
from the skies:
My grace is sufficient, the battle is Mine,
Be valiant, courageous, for victory is thine.
Disciples and martyrs in days that are past
Great things for the Saviour endured till
the last:
Then, soldiers, go forward and fight for
your King,
And then in eternity together we'll sing.

Shed His Blood:

AT "JACKIE." L. BARNET.

TUNE—Rowed from my slumber. (B.J. No. 31.)

2 I was a sinner wandering from God,
Down on the broad road of folly,
Cared not that Jesus had shed His blood
To make me pure and holy:
My soul was bound by the fetters of sin,
I had no joy, no peace within,
Carelessly drifting far from my God,
Who shed His blood most precious.

CHORUS.

I am a soldier.
At last I sought the mercy seat,
There I did pray for pardon,
And God to do a work complete,
Then evermore I saw Him,
Now, praise His name, He's not so free
From all my sin and misery,
Now a true soldier I mean to be,
And fight for God till death.

Praise God, His will is my great delight
Since I have sought for cleansing,
Now I'm engaged in this glorious fight,
To break the power of Satan,
So in His love so mighty and free,
I will go on to victory,
Then, by-and-by, His face I shall see,
When I get home to heaven.

Wondrous Love.

BY HENRY C. MCLENTON.

3 TUNE—The Gypsy's Fanning.
Twas for me, a wretched sinner,
Jesus' precious blood did flow,
So that I might feel His mercy,
All His love and kindness know,
So when death's dark day was dawning,
Through the gloom the sun did shine;
When in thoughts of home in glory,
Jesus, heaven, truly mine.
When I think of all His sufferings,
How my soul with blood is bought;
And I see the change within me,
Nothing but His blood has wrought,
I am filled with joy and gladness,
Jesus' name to me so sweet,
That I long to kneel before Him,
There to worship at His feet.

Experience.

BY W. C. ABERNETHY.

TUNE—So early in the morning.
4 I, years ago, in sin did roam,
Knew not God, and had no home,
I had no fighting power to show,
And knew not what I ought to do.

CHORUS.

But Jesus came and saved me,
Glorious was and forever true,
Jesus came and saved me,
And I am His today.
But my soul and will were
God's, in His love, spoke in my ear,
Which checked me in my sinful way,
And helped me see my need for
grace.
Then up before my gaze appeared
A light which caused me to kneel there;
The blessed vision of the cross,
Who died that I might not be lost,
It was too great for me to lose—
The thought that I had sinned him
there;
Then to His love I went my way,
And now my soul is saved to-day.

EYES FRONT!

Commandant

*** AND ***

Mrs. Booth

— WILL MARK A —

FLYING VISIT

— TO VIS —

West Ontario and East Ontario

PROVINCES

ON THE FOLLOWING DATES.—

(Accompanied by BRIGADIER HOLLAND)

CHATHAM Saturday and Sunday May 6, 7.

WINDSOR (Commandant only) Monday May 8.

(Accompanied by BRIGADIER SCOTT)

BELLEVILLE Friday May 12.

KINGSTON Saturday, Sunday and Monday May 13, 14, 15.

COBBOURG Tuesday May 16.

MONTREAL (Commandant and Colonel Mackenzie) Friday May 26.

OPENING OF "THE LIGHTHOUSE."

Salute!
Western Province.

THE COMMANDANT,

— ACCOMPANIED BY —

Brigadier Margetts and Ensign Smeeton,

WILL INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

— OF THE —

North-West and
British Columbia.

WINNIPEG, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

RAPID CITY Tuesday June 6.

NEEPAWA Wednesday June 7.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE Thursday June 8.

CARBERRY Friday June 9.

BRANDON Saturday and Sunday June 10, 11.

REGINA Tuesday June 13.

CALGARY Wednesday and Thursday June 14, 15.

VANCOUVER Saturday, Sunday and Monday June 17, 18, 19.

NEW WESTMINSTER Tuesday and Wednesday June 20, 21.

XANAIMO Thursday and Friday June 22, 23.

VICTORIA Saturday, Sunday and Monday June 24, 25, 26.

Give me Grace.

BY F. E. FREDMAN, PARISH.

TUNE—Fare me ad.

5 Give me grace, O loving Saviour,
I am weary, and
Breathless into my soul a blessing,
Make me spiritual.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Saviour, hear my earnest plea,
While confessing, I am trusting,
Give Thy grace to me.

Let me feel Thy cross appeal,
Hear Thy God "Well done!"
Chase away all gloomy shadows
So my night may be.

Dreading how before Thy footstool,
Fill my heart with love,
Well I know that peace eternal
Cometh from above.

Longs my spirit for communion
With the pure and blest,
Thou, the source of every blessing,
Give me life and rest.

Beat the Army Drum.

BY HENRY C. MCLENTON, CHORUS.

TUNE—The gospel train.

Now listen, friends, on moment,
A story I will tell
How God Almighty saved a soul
From going down to hell.
The billiard room was his delight,
And drinking there, too,
In the tavern he would be all night
With others, not a few.

CHORUS.

Oh, beat the Army drum,
Beat the Army drum,
Oh, beat the Army drum,
And bring the sinner in.

While going in for beer again,
He heard the Army drum,
And leaving all behind he came
To make of them some fun.

And oh, he wished the snow was soft,
He would drive them all away;
There he would sit and there he would stay,
As the Army they did stay.

He followed them into the hall,
He heard them speak and pray,
His heart got soft, he bowed his head,
"Give God your heart to-day."

He walked out in the morning sun,
And his sin was swept away;
The grace of God he found so sweet,
He is happy and free to-day.

Critic and Salvationist.

BY W. J. BARTY, BARNET, R.P.

TUNE—When the fight's over.

7 Critic—You say you're a soldier, and
fighting for God!
Salvationist—Yes, sir, I'm a soldier, I'm
wounded in the blood.

C.—But where is your armor, the anyone
you bear?

S.—We get them from heaven, they're
sharpened by prayer.

CHORUS.

When the fight's over,
C.—But who does oppose you, for whom do
you fight?

S.—All hell is opposing, we fight for the
right.

C.—But who is their leader, their "com-
mander-in-chief"?

S.—His name is "Beelzebub," or "devil"
in brief.

C.—Do you have many battles, and take
many men?

S.—From the enemy's ranks! Yes, sir, we're
fighting to win.

C.—And these soldiers around here, won't
they in sin's ranks?

S.—Yes, but they're saved now, and joined
with the saints.

C.—Gladly, sir, but they tell me that some
one has good!

S.—Yes, outside of Jesus, not much in
the world.

C.—If I say I've no sin, I'm deceived
so they say?

S.—Then, sir, you're the servant of sin,
you obey.

C.—And now there's your uniform, what is
that for?

S.—Why, to show to the world I'm engaged
in this war.

C.—But the devil doesn't like it, you wear
such a gay?

S.—Thank God then, I'll wear it, and fight
till I die!

WAR CRY

VOL. IX. No. 446. [Ground of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1893.

[REPRINTED BY H. B. BARNET, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



A good DEAL of consternation has been caused among the leading nations of late as to the importance of a well equipped navy, more especially among those whose chief defence is on the sea. Nation has vied with nation in their endeavor to build the craft that can carry the heaviest guns, can be fitted up with the most defensive armour, and which in every sense will be calculated to do the most effective work possible, on the line of death and destruction.

The eyes of the world have just been turned to the great naval review at New York, and the countless of crests have been flashed to the four corners of the earth. A French Man-o-War was among the first to put in an appearance, and the crowd of spectators who saw this mighty vessel, so elegant in appearance, thought that nothing possibly could surpass it. Frolics of various other countries began to come in, "John Bull" being about the last. As E. M. S. "Blackie" here is sight, however, crowds thronged to view that stupendous craft. Comparisons were made, and the Frenchman paid almost into significance beside the English monster, with its threatening turrets and frowning cannon, and our

(Continued on Page 4.)